



The Lazarus Effect by Elizabeth Stryder

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Summary: Because sometimes, the most scariest thing in the world could be a smile; one that promised an eternity of fear—with the hint of bloodlust, hunger, and something more.

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By Elizabeth Stryder.

"You taste so much better when you're afraid."

Disclaimer: I in no means own anything associated with IT. I merely own my imagination.

Full summary:

Dating back to the late eighteen hundreds, a detective is tasked with solving a plethora of cold cases, which the majority consists of mysterious deaths and missing children reports; all of which had been "reportedly investigated."

Upon stumbling on a rather peculiar little clue that leads her to a town plagued with unsolved horror, Carson Richards might have bit off more than she could chew when she finds herself playing a dangerous game of cat and mouse.

For the entertainment of a clown comes with a high price—and for this young woman, life as she knows it is about to take a tumble down the rabbit hole.

Because sometimes, the most scariest thing in the world could be a smile; one that promised an eternity of fear—with the hint of bloodlust and hunger.

For there's a reason behind the saying; some things are better left buried.

I have spent an entire hour, shame on me, writing and rewriting this summary, and finally I have decided that this one sounds good enough. I am making my returning debut with this simple idea of mine, so I'm hoping that my writing skills haven't abandoned me entirely.

I cannot wait to see what you lot think of this little snippet, so without delaying anything further, here is the first chapter. And I do apologize for

the shortness of it all. This after all is just an introduction.

Chapter One: Ominous Foreboding.

June 13th, 1988.

Bangor, Maine.

It seemed adamant to fester within her, an insatiable itch that had grown the past three weeks—one that she had succeeded at ignoring, up until the moment where patience could no longer coexist within her mind.

It made her question the morals she stood for—for despite being an ambitious young woman striving to make a name for herself, there was only so much one could take.

"No." So it only made sense that her boiling point had been reached upon hearing that simple word, a refusal that had no justifiable reason behind it.

Fuck being professional. It had been obvious from the start that the course of action she had decided to take would bring her nothing but trouble, but considering that no other option had presented itself at that moment, Carson Richards could do nothing but do the unthinkable.

Shifting within the rather uncomfortable chair, eyebrows furrowed and lips pursed into a thin line, a small glimmer of appeasement flashed through her at the brief glimpse of instantaneous regret shimmering within the man's eyes.

"And I trust that you have a good enough reason behind this all," biting at the inside of her cheek, the young woman couldn't help but rethink it all. Was this worth all the fuss—? Yes, for the sake of her sanity, this was worth every breath, "—because I recall you mentioning that I should do something productive with the free time I have at my disposal."

Resorting to blackmail, Richards? It sent a bitter taste throughout her

mouth, a rather unusual taste that her giddy for the outcome. Despite having solved the murder of an influential scientist at the hands of a rather jealous coworker three months prior, Carson Richards had been the only volunteer in her department to take on a cold case within the past two years, and now that she had found something worth looking into—well that just tickled her senses, and not in the good way.

"Richards," the man stared with a humbled sigh, fingers pressing against his temples on hopes of appeasing what appeared to be a nonexistent headache, "—you are a very talented and successful young woman. I don't doubt your capabilities but there's a reason behind this all. I've seen men and woman, professionals crumble at this case. Leads going cold, no witnesses, no—."

Good thing I'm not actually professional. "You and I both know that what you're saying this me now is nothing but bullshit." Never had she ever fathomed that this would be the way she'd find herself conversing with a superior, despite the man being a long time familial friend.

But this man—his words somehow sounding rehearsed and perfected—just couldn't grasp the concept that she didn't want to hear his excuses, nor his reasons. He had given her a task to do something productive with her time, and damn it all to hell, she would do just that. "I don't need you to open the case," Carson mused as she stood from the chair, arms reaching out towards the three boxes stacked upon each other. "Just give me a few months to see if I can come up with something. If not, then you'll have the pleasure of labeling me as a rookie, as well as telling me you told me so. Until further notice, I'll be a call away."

It had been a coincidental find (despite being a firm believer that such things did not exist) and at same time, accidental. But in no means could she ignore the feeling that there was more to this than these supposed "thoroughly investigated" reports went.

Something, or rather someone had gone through great lengths to cover up their tracks, and despite having no ground to stand upon, no witnesses or leads to follow, Carson knew there was something far more sinister at play here.

And for some reason, at the back of her mind, a small part of her wanted nothing more than to believe that she was being nothing but delusional—that perhaps there was nothing to this, despite all the evidence screaming malice.

Because once you entertain a clown, the price for freedom is a dance with the devil—only with a promise to never let go.

Author Note: Once more I apologize for the shortness of this chapter. The next one will be longer, but Carson will not be meeting Pennywise, or any other major canon characters until later—as I want this to be unique and realistic as possible. I am not a expert on homicide detectives, nor anything to do with the police but I am doing as much research as possible. If there are any issues, or mistakes, please point them out and I'll do what I can to correct them.

I hope that this isn't a complete disaster. Also side question, should I keep Georgie alive or stick with canon? I am so conflicted with this small little obstacle, so please feel free to send me some ideas. I'll give credit where it's worth.

Thanks for taking the time at reading this.

Love,

E. Stryder